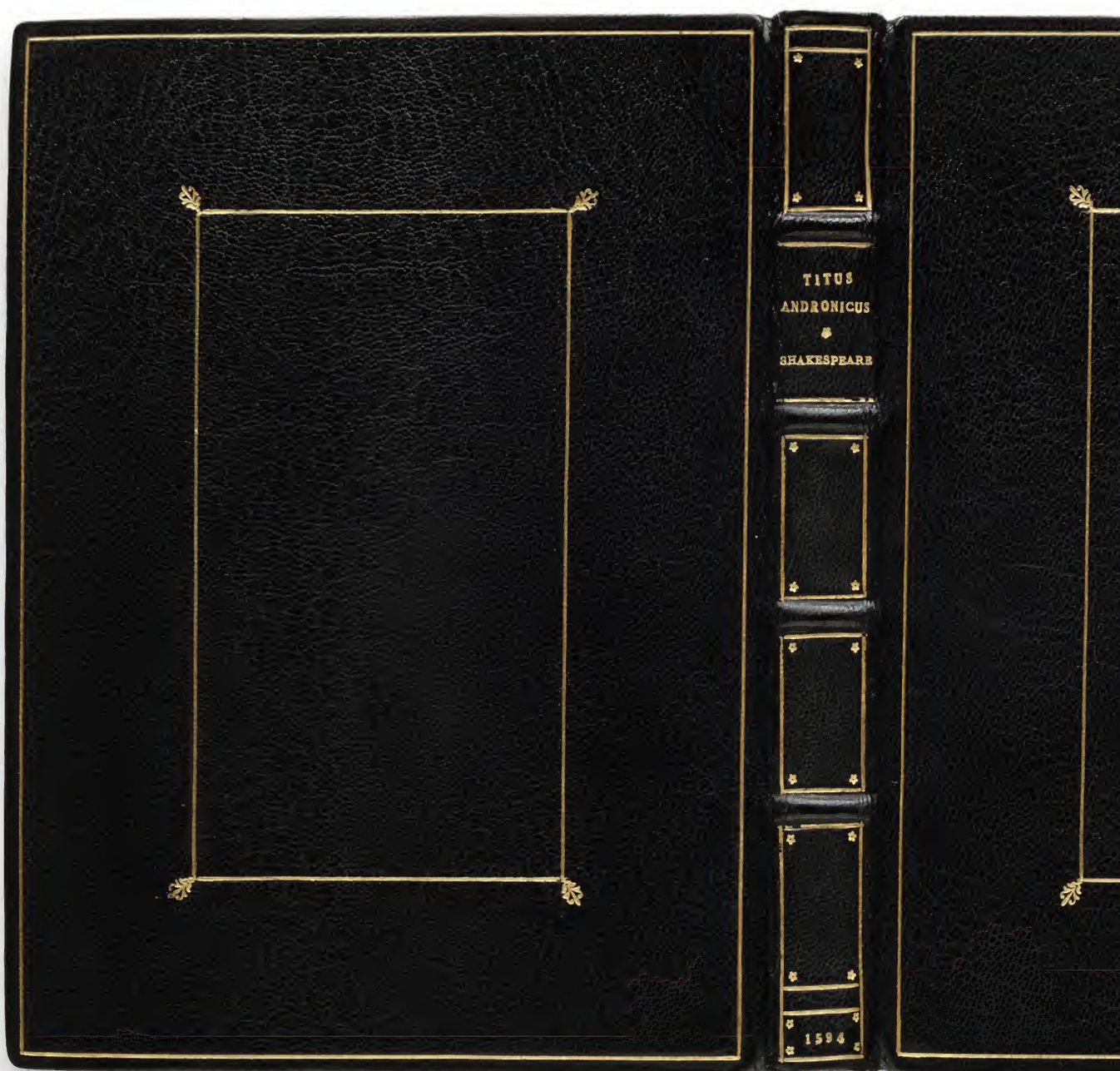
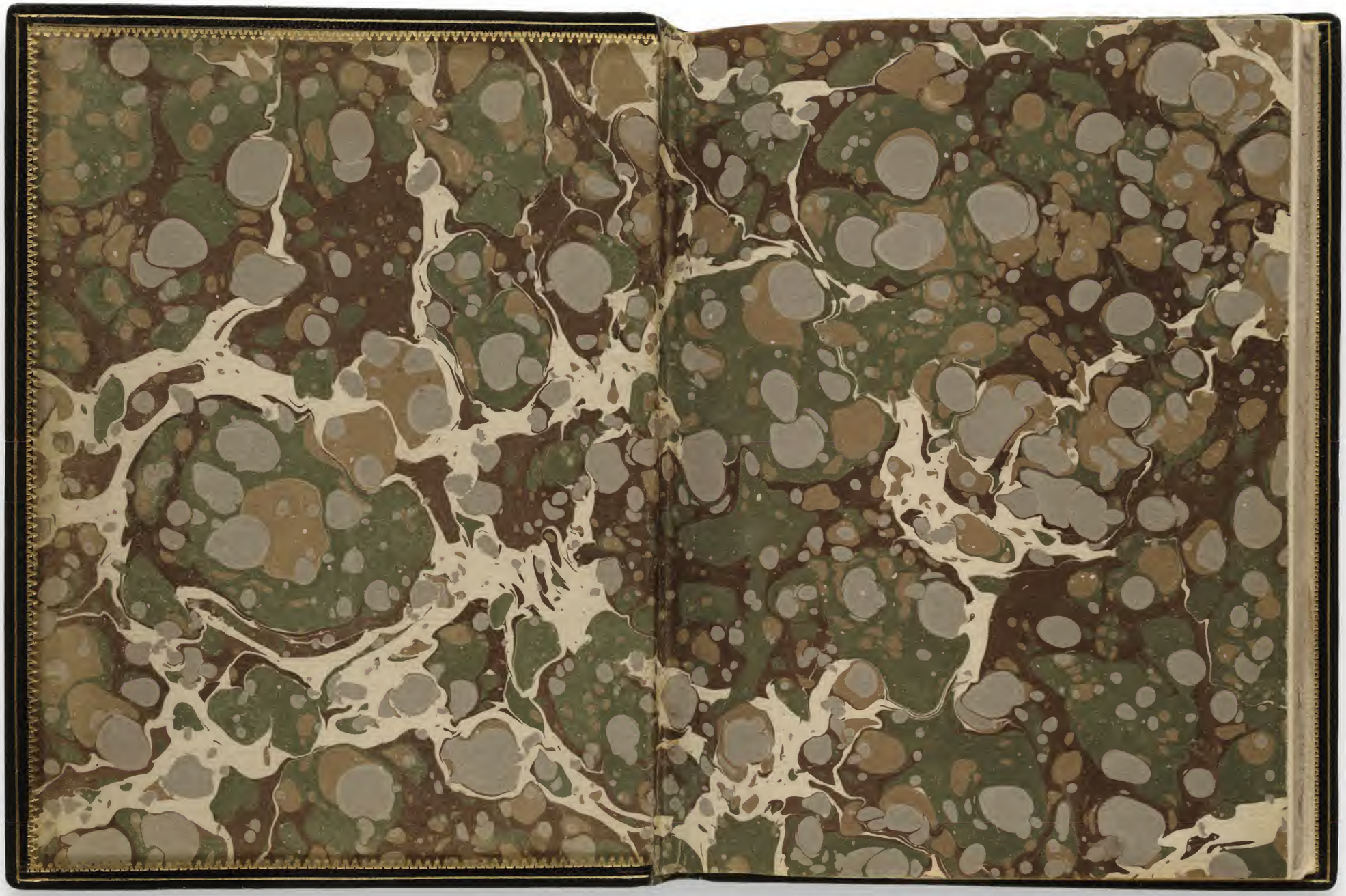

TITUS
ANDRONICUS
SHAKESPEARE
1594



Lottsedlar

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Trollhätte

Slußwercks-Byggnads

Lotterie,

År 1770.

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Månads Dragning skjer den

THE MOST LA-mentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus:

As it was Plaide by the Right Ho-nourable the Earle of *Darbie*, Earle of *Pembrooke*, and Earle of *Sussex* their Seruants.

LONDON,
Printed by Iohn Danter, and are to be sold by *Edward White* & *Thomas Millington*, at the little North doore of Paules at the signe of the Gunne,
1594.

The most Lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*: As it was Plaide by the Right Honourable the Earle of *Darbie*, Earle of *Pembrooke*, and Earle of *Sussex* their Seruants.

Enter the Tribunes *and* Senatours *aloft: And then enter* Saturninus *and his followers at one dore, and* Bassianus *and his followers, with Drums and Trumpets.*

Saturninus.

NOble *Patricians*, Patrons of my Right,
Defend the iustice of my cause with armes.
And Countrimen my louing followers,
Plead my successiue Title with your swords:
I am his first borne sonne, that was the last
That ware the Imperiall Diademe of Rome,
Then let my Fathers honours liue in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie,

Bassianus.

Romaines, friends, followers, fauourers of my Right,
If euer *Bassianus Ceasars* sonne,
VVere gratious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll,
And suffer not dishonour to approch,
The Imperiall seate to vertue, consecrate

To iustice, continence, and Nobillitie:
But let desert in pure election shine,
And Romaines fight for freedome in your choice.

Marcus Andronicus with the Crowne.

Princes that striue by factions and by friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie,
Know that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Partie, haue by common voice,
In election for the Romaine Empery
Chosen *Andronicus*, surnamed *Pius*:
For many good and great deserts to Rome,
A Noble man, a braue V Varriour,
Liues not this day within the Cittie walls.
Hee by the Senate is accited home,
From weary warres against the barbarous *Gothes*,
That with his sonnes a terrour to our foes,
Hath yoakt a Nation strong, traind vp in Armes.
Tenne yeares are spent since first he vndertooke
This cause of Rome, and chastised with armes
Our enemies pride: Fiue times he hath returnd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sonnes,
In Coffins from the field, and at this day,
To the Monument of that *Andronicy*
Done sacrifice of expiation,
And slaine the Noblest prisoner of the *Gothes*.
And now at last laden with honours spoiles,
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus* flourishing in Armes.
Let vs intreat by honour of his name,
V Vhom worthily you would haue now succeede,
And in the Capitall and Senates Right,
V Vhom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you wi thdraw you, and abate your strength,
Dismisse your followers, and as suters should,
Pleade your deserts in peace and humblenes.

Saturninus.

Saturninus.

How faire the Tribune speakes to calme my thoughts.

Bassianus.

Marcus Andronicus, so I doe affie,
In thy vprightnes and integritie,
And so I loue and honour thee and thine,
Thy Noble brother *Titus* and his sonnes,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gratious *Lauinia*, Romes rich ornament,
That I will here dismisse my louing friends:
And to my fortunes and the peoples fauour,
Commit my cause in ballance to be waid. *Exit Soldiers.*

Saturninus.

Friends that haue beene thus forward in my right,
I thanke you all, and here dismisse you all,
And to the loue and fauour of my Countrie,
Commit my selfe, my person, and the cause:
Rome be as iust and gratious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Bassianus. Tribunes and me a poore Competitor.

They goe vp into the Senate house.

Enter a Captaine.

Romaines make way, the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of vertue, Romes best Champion:
Successful in the battailes that he fights,
V Vith honour and with fortune is returnd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoake the enemies of Rome.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, and then enter two of Titus *sonnes, and then two men bearing a Coffin couered with black, then two other sonnes, then* Titus Andronicus, *and then* Tamora *the Queene of Gothes and her two sonnes* Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Demetrius, *with* Aron *the More, and others as many as can be, then set downe the Coffin, and* Titus *speakes.*

Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Lo as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,
Returnes with pretious lading to the bay,
From whence at first shee wayd her anchorage;
Commeth *Andronicus*, bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Countrie with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gratious to the rights that we entend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty valiant sonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead:
These that surviue, let Rome reward with loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
VVith burial amongst their auncestors.
Here *Gothes* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkinde, and careles of thine owne,
VVhy suffrest thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of stix,
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred Receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweete Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many sonnes hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more.

Lucius. Giue vs the prowdest prisoner of the *Gothes*,
That we may hew his limbs and on a pile,
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthy prison of their boanes,
That so the shadows be not vnappeazde,

Nor we disturbde with prodegies on earth.

Titus. I giue him you the Noblest that suruiues,
The eldest sonne of this distressed Queene. (rours.

Tamora. Stay Romaine brethren, gratious Conque-
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
A mothers teares in passion for her sonnes:
And if thy sonnes were euer deare to thee,
Oh thinke my sonne to be as deare to mee.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake:
But must my sonnes be slaughtered in the streets,
For valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O if to fight for king and common-weale,
VVere pietie in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, staine not thy tombe with bloud.
VVilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull,
Sweete mercie is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first borne sonne.

Titus. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me,
These are their brethren, whom your *Gothes* beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their brethren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
T'appease their groning shadowes that are gone.

Lucius. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,
Lets hew his limbs till they be cleane consumde.

Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamora. O cruell irreligeous pietie.

Chiron. VVas neuer Sythia halfe so barbarous.

Demetrius. Oppose not Sythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to rest and we surviue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning looke,

Then Madam stand resolud, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that armde the Queene of Troy,
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene,)
To quit the bloodie wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Lucius. See Lord and father how we haue performd
Our Romane rights, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrifising fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie,
Remaineth nought but to interre our brethren,
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

Titus. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*,
Make this his latest farewell to their soules.

Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.

In peace and honour rest you here my sonnes,
Roomes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no enuie swels,
Here grow no damned drugges, here are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe,
In peace and honour rest you here my sonnes.

Enter Lauinia.

In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and father liue in fame:
Lo at this tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my brethrens obsequies.
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on this earth, for thy returne to Rome,
O blesse me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Roomes best Citizens applaud.

Titus. Kinde Rome that hast thus louingly reserude,

The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, outliue thy fathers daies,
And fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Marcus. Long liue Lord *Titus* my beloued brother,
Gratious triumpher in the eies of Rome.

Titus. Thanks gentle Tribune, Noble brother *Marcus*.

Marcus. And welcome Nephews from successfull wars
You that suruiue, and you that sleepe in fame:
Faire Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your Countries seruice drew your swords,
But safer triumph is this funerall pompe,
That hath aspirde to *Solons* happines,
And triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer beene,
Send thee by mee their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotles hue,
And name thee in election for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperours sonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headles Roome.

Titus. A better head her glorious bodie fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feeblenes:
What should I don this Roabe and trouble you?
Be chosen with Proclamations to daie,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new busines for you all.
Roome I haue beene thy souldier fortie yeares,
And led my Countries strength successfullie,
And buried one and twentie valiant sonnes
Knighted in Field, slaine manfullie in Armes,
In right and seruice of their Noble Countrie:
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to controwle the world,
Vpright he held it Lords that held it last.

Marcus. *Titus* thou shalt obtaine & aske the Empere.
Saturni. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell.
Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus.*
Saturninus. Romaines doe me right.
Patricians draw your swords and sheath them not,
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou were shipt to hell,
Rather than robbe me of the peoples harts.
Lucius. Prowd *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good,
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.
Titus. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues.
Bassianus. *Andronicus* I doo not flatter thee,
But honour thee and will doo till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends
I will most thankefull be, and thanks to men
Of Noble minds, is honourable meede.
Titus. People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,
I aske your voyces and your suffrages,
Will yee bestow them friendly on *Andronicus.*
Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus,*
And gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Titus. *Tribunes* I thanke you, and this sute I make,
That you create our Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine:* whose vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytus Raies on earth,
And ripen iustice in this Common weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crowne him and say, *Long liue our Emperour.*
Marcus An. VVith voyces and applause of euery sort, *Patri-*
cians and *Plebeans*, we create
d *Saturninus* Romes great Emperour,
d say *Long liue our Emperour* Saturnine.
Saturnine. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,

To vs in our election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentlenes:
And for an onset *Titus* to aduance,
Thy name and honourable familie,
Lauinia will I make my Empresse,
Romes Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart,
And in the sacred Pathan her espouse:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee.
Titus. It doth my worthie Lord, and in this match,
I hold me highly Honoured of your Grace,
And here in sight of Rome to *Saturnine,*
King and Commander of our common weale,
The wide worlds Emperour, doe I consecrate
My sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Presents well worthy Romes imperious Lord:
Receiue them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honours Ensignes humbled at thy feete.
Saturnine. Thankes Noble *Titus* Father of my life,
How proude I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I doe forget
The least of these vnspeakeable deserts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.
Titus. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour.
To him that for your honour and your state,
Will vse you Nobly, and your followers.
Saturnine. A goodly Lady trust me of the hue,
That I would choose were I to choose a new:
Cleare vp faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though change of warhath wrought this change of cheare
Thou comst not to be made a scorne in Rome.
Princely shall be thy vsage euerie waie
Rest on my word, and let not discontent,
Daunt all your hopes, Madam he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queene of *Gothes,*

Lauinia you are not displeasde with this.
Lauinia. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
VVarrants these words in Princely curtesie.
Saturnine. Thanks sweete *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe,
Raunsomles here we set our prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honours Lords with Trumpe and Drum.
Bassianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maid is mine.
Titus. How sir, are you in earnest then my Lord?
Bascianus. I Noble *Titus* and resolude withall,
To doo my selfe this reason and this right.
Marcus. *Suum cuiqum* is our Romane iustice,
This Prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne.
Lucius. And that he will, and shall if *Lucius* liue.
Titus. Traitors auaunt, where is the Emperours gard?
Treason my Lord, *Lauinia* is surprizde.
Saturnine. Surprizde, by whom?
Bascianus. By him that iustly may,
Beare his betrothde from all the world away.
Mutius. Brothers, help to conuay her hence away,
And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.
Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.
Mutius. My Lord you passe not here.
Titus. What villaine boy, barst me my way in Rome?
Mutius. Helpe *Lucius*, helpe.
Lucius. My Lord you are vniust, and more than so,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue slaine your sonne.
Titus. Nor thou, nor he, are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me,
Traitor restore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.
Lucius, Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist loue.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora *and her two sonnes and Aron the moore.*

Emperour. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needes her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:

Ile

Ile trust by leysure, him that mocks me once,
Thee neuer, nor thy traiterous hawtie sonnes,
Confederates all thus to dishonour mee.
VVas none in Rome to make a stale
But *Saturnine?* Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these deeds, with that prowd bragge of thine,
That saidst I begd the Empire at thy hands.
Titus O monstrous, what reprochfull words are these?
Saturn. But goe thy waies, goe giue that changing piece,
To him that florisht for her with his sword:
A valiant sonne in law thou shalt inioy,
One fit to bandie with thy lawlesse sonnes,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.
Titus. These words are rasors to my wounded hart.
Satur. And therfore lowely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the statelie *Thebe* mongst her Nymphs,
Dost ouershine the gallanst Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleasde with this my sodaine choise,
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will create thee Empresse of Rome.
Speake Queene of Gothes dost thou applaud my choise?
And here I sweare by all the Romane Gods,
Sith Priest and holy water are so neere,
And tapers burne so bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I lead espowsde my Bride along with mee.
Tamora. And here in sight of heauen to *Rome* I sweare,
If *Saturnine* aduaunce the Queene of Gothes,
Shee will a handmaide be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.
Sat. Ascend faire Queene: Panthean Lords accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louelie Bride,
Sent by the Heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,

VVhose

VVhose wisdome hath her Fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousall rites.
Exeunt Omnes.

Titus. I am not bid to wait vpon this bride,
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs.

Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.

Marcus. O *Titus* see: O see what thou hast done
In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.

Titus. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
That hath dishonoured all our Familie,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.

Lucius. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes,
Giue *Mucius* burial with our bretheren.

Titus. Traitors away, he rests not in this toombe:
This monument five hundreth yeares hath stood,
VVhich I haue sumptuously reedified:
Here none but souldiers and Romes seruitors
Repose in fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Burie him where you can he comes not here.

Marcus. My Lord this is impietie in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deedes doo plead for him,
He must be buried with his brethren.

Titus two sonnes speakes.

And shall or him wee will accompanie.

Titus. And shall, what villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes.

He that would vouchit in any place but here.

Titus. VVhat would you burie him in my despight?

Marcus. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee.
To pardon *Mutius* and to bury him.

Titus. Marcus: Euen thou hast stroke vpon my Crest,
And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euerie one,

So

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

3. Sonne. He is not with himselfe, let vs withdraw.

2. Sonne. Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.

The brother and the sonnes kneele.

Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature pleade,

2. Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Titus. Speake thou no more, if all the rest will speede,

Marcus. Renowmed *Titus*, more than halfe my soule,

Lucius. Deare father, soule and substance of vs all,

Marcus Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre,
His Noble Nephew here in vertues nest,
That died in honour and *Lauinias* cause.
Thou art a Romane, be not barbarous:
The Greeks vpon aduise did burie *Ayax*
That slew himselfe: and wise *Laertes* sonne,
Did gratiously plead for his Funeralls:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,
Be bard his entrance here.

Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,
The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonoured by my sonnes in Rome:
Well burie him, and burie me the next.

they put him in the tombe.

Lucius. There lie thy bones sweete *Mutius* with thy friends,
Till wee with Trophees doo adorne thy tombe:

they all kneele and say,

No man shed teares for Noble *Mutius*,
He liues in fame, that dide in vertues cause.

Exit all but Marcus and Titus.

Marcus. My Lord to step out of these dririe dumps,
How comes it that the subtile Queene of *Gothes*,
Is of a sodaine thus aduaunc'd in Rome,

Titus. I know not *Marcus*, but I know it is.
(VVhether by deuise or no, the heauens can tell,)
Is shee not then beholding to the man,

That

Enter the Emperour, Tamora and her two sonnes, with the Moore at one doore. *Enter at the other doore Bascianus and Lauinia, with others.*

Saturnine. So *Bascianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy sir of your gallant Bride.
Bascianus. And you of yours my Lord, I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue.
Saturnine. Traitor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.
Bassianus. Rape call you it my Lord to ceaze my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife:
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while am I possest of that is mine.
Saturnine. 'Tis good sir, you are verie short with vs,
But if we liue, weele be as sharpe with you.
Bascianus. My Lord what I haue done as best I may,
Answere I must, and shall doo with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the dueties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrongd,
That in the rescue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,
In zeale to you, and highly moude to wrath,
To be controwld in that he frankelie gaue,
Receaue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath expresst himselfe in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.
Titus. Prince *Bascianus* leaue to pleade my deeds,
'Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue loude and honoured *Saturnine*.

Tamora.

Tamora. My worthy Lord, if euer *Tamora*,
Were gratious in those Princelie eies of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my sute (sweete) pardon what is past.
Saturnine. What Madam be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it vp without reuenge.
Tamora. Not so my Lord, the Gods of Rome forfend,
I should be Authour to dishonour you,
But on mine honour dare I vndertake,
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all,
Whose furie not dissembled speakes his griefes:
Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
Nor with sowre looks afflict his gentle hart.
My Lord: Be rulde by me, be wonne at last,
Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
You are but newlie planted in your Throne,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iust sutuay take *Titus* part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
Yeeld at intreats: and then let me alone,
Ile find a day to massacre them all,
And race their faction and their familie,
The cruell father, and his traiterous sonnes,
To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life,
And make them know what tis to let a Queene,
Kneele in the streets and begge for grace in vaine.
Come, come sweete Emperour, (come *Andronicus*:)
Take vp this good old man, and cheare the hart,
That dies in tempest of thy angrie frowne.
Saturnine. Rise *Titus* rise, my Empresse hath preuaild.
Titus. I thanke your Maiestie, and her my Lord,
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
Tamora. *Titus* I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happilie,
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconciled your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus* I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords, and you *Lauinia*,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.
We doo, and vowe to Heauen and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mi'd ie as we might,
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.
Marcus. That on mine honour here doo I protest.
Saturnine. Away, and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay sweet Emperor, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweete hart looke backe.
Saturnine. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brothers here,
And at my loue he *Tamoras* intreats,
I doo remit these young mens hainous faults,
Stand vp: *Lauinia* though you left me like a Churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a Batchiler from the Priest.
Come if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lauinia* and your friends:
This daie shall be a loue-daie *Tamora*.
Titus. To morrow and it please your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and hound, weele giue your grace bon iour.
Saturnine. Be it so *Titus* and gramercie too. *Exeunt.*

sound trumpets, manet Moore.

Aron. Now climeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of fortunes shot, and sits aloft,

Secure

Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduaunc'd aboue pale enuies threatning reach,
As when the golden sunne salutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
And ouer-looks the highest piering hills.
So *Tamora.*
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And vertue stoops and trembles at her frowne,
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amourous chaines,
And faster bound to *Arons* charming eies,
Than is *Prometheus* tide to *Caucasus*.
Away with slauish weedes and seruile thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in pearle and golde,
To wait vpon this new made Empresse.
To wait said I? to wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this Semerimis, this Nymph,
This Syren that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common-weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

Demetrius. Chiron thy yeares wants wit, thy wits wants edge,
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowest affected bee.
Chiron. Demetrius, thou dost ouerweene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yeare or two
Makes me lesse gratious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,

And

And plead my passions for *Lauinias* loue. (peace.
Moore. Clubs, Clubs, these louers will not keepe the
Demetrius. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gaue you a daunsing Rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends:
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chiron. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.
Demetrius. I boy, grow yee so braue? *they drawe.*
Moore. VVhy how now Lords?
So neere the Emperours Pallace dare yee drawe,
And maintaine such a quarrell openlie?
Full well I wote the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes,
Nor would your Noble Mother for much more,
Be so dishonoured in the Court of Rome.
For shame put vp.
Demetrius. Not I till I haue sheathd,
My Rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust those reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breathd in my dishonour here.
Chiron. For that I am prepard, and full resolude,
Fowle spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darst performe.
Moore. Away I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Gothes* adore,
This pettie brabble will vndoo vs all:
VVhy Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?
VVhat is *Lauinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bascianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be brocht,
VVithout controulement, iustice, or reuenge.

Young

Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discords ground, the musicke would not please.
Chiron. I care not I, knew shee and all the world,
I loue *Lauinia* more than all the world. (choise,
Demetrius. Youngling learne thou to make some meaner
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.
Moore. VVhy are ye mad? or know yee not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they bee,
And cannot brooke competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doo but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.
Chiron. *Aron*, A thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchiue her whom I loue.
Aron. To atchiue her how?
Demetrius. VVhy makes thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woode,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woonne,
Shee is *Lauinia*, therefore must be loude.
VVhat man, more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the Miller of, and easie it is,
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
Though *Bascianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better than he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.
Moore. I and as good as *Saturninus* may. (court it,
Demetrius. Then why should he dispaire that knows to
VVith words, faire looks, and liberalitie.
VVhat hast not thou full often stroke a Doe,
And borne her cleanlie by the Keepers nose?
Moore. VVhy then it seemes some certaine snatch, or so
VVould serue your turnes.
Chiron. I so the turne were serued.
Demetrius. *Aron* thou hast hit it.
Moore. VVould you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tirde with this adoo.
VVhy harke ye, harke ye, and are you such fooles

To

To square for this: would it offend you then
That both should speede.
Chiron. Faith not me.
Demetrius. Nor me so I were one.
Aron. For shame be friends, and ioine for that you iar,
'Tis pollicie and stratageme must doo
That you affect, and so must you resolue,
That what you cannot as you would atchiue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of mee, *Lucrece* was not more chast
Than this *Lauinia*, *Bascianus* loue.
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louelie Romane Ladies troope:
The forrest walks are wide and spatious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this daintie Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words,
This waie or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
VVill we acquaint withall what we intend,
And shee shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes hight aduaunce you both.
The Emperours Court is like the house of fame,
The Pallace full of tongues, of eies, and eares:
The woods are ruthles, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue boies, and take your turns,
There serue your lust shadowed from heauens eie,
And reuell in *Lauinias* treasurie.
Chiron. Thy counsell Lad smels of no cowardize,
Demetrius. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streame,

To coole this heate, a charme to calme these fits,
Per Stigia, per manes Vehor.

Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus, *and his three sonnes, making a noise with hounds & hornes.*

Titus. The hunt is vp the Moone is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are greene,
Vncouple here, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louelie Bride,
And rowze the Prince, and ring a Hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noise.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefullie:
I haue beene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspirde.

Here a crie of Hounds, and wind hornes in a peale: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bascianus, Lauinia, Chiron, Demetrius, *and their Attendants.*

Titus. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
Madam to you as many, and as good,
I promised your Grace a Hunters peale.
Saturnine. And you haue rung it lustilie my Lords,
Somewhat too earlie for new married Ladies.
Bascianus. *Lauinia*, how say you? (more,
Laui. I say no: I haue been broad awake, two howres &
Saturnine. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romane hunting.
Marcus. I haue Dogges my Lord,
VVill rouze the prowdest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest promontarie topp.
Titus. And I haue horse will follow where the game

Makes way, and runnes like swallowes ore the plaine.
Demetrius. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to plucke a daintie Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron *alone.*

Moore. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To burie so much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectlie,
Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunninglie effected will beget,
A verie excellent peece of villanie:
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
That haue their almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora *alone to the* Moore.

Tamora. My louelie *Aron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When euerie thing doth make a gleefull boast?
The birds chaunt melodie on euerie bush,
The snakes lies rolled in the cheerefull sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling winde,
And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aron* let vs sit,
And whilst the babling eccho mocks the hounds,
Replying shrillie to the well tun'd hornes,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe and marke their yellowing noyse:
And after conflict such as was supposde
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once inioyed,
When with a happie storme they were surprisde,
And curtaind with a counsaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done,) possesse a golden slumber,
Whiles hounds and hornes, and sweete mellodious birds
Be vnto vs as is a Nurces song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe a sleepe.

Moore.

Moore. Maddam, though *Venus* gouerne your desires,
Saturne is dominator ouer mine:
What signifies my deadlie standing eie,
My silence, ann my clowdie melancholie,
My fleece of wollie haire that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when shee doth vnrowle,
To doo some fatall execution.
No Maddam, these are no veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my hart, death in my hand,
Blood and reuenge are hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora* the Empresse of my soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen than rests in thee,
This is the daie of doome for *Bassianus*,
His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to daie,
Thy sonnes make pillage of her chastitie,
And wash their hands in *Bascianus* blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the king this fatall plotted scrowle.
Now question me no more we are espied,
Here comes a parcell of our hopeful lbootie,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bascianus, *and* Lauinia.

Tamora. Ah my sweete *Moore*, sweeter to me than life,
Moore. No more great Empresse, *Bascianus* comes,
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy sonnes
To backe thy quarrels what so ere they bee.
Bascianus. who haue we here? Romes Royall Empresse,
Vnfurnisht of her well beseeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holie groues,
To see the generall hunting in this Forrest?
Tamora. Sawcie controwler of my priuate steps,
Had I the powre that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presentlie,

With

VVith hornes as was *Acteons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon thy new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.
Lauinea. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are singled forth to trie thy experimens:
Ioue sheeld your husband from his hounds to day,
Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag.
Bassianus. Beleeue me Queene your swartie Cymerion,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
VVhy are you sequestred from all your traine,
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steede,
And wandred hither to an obsure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule desire had not conducted you?
Lauinia. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord be rated
For sausines, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen culloured loue,
This valie fits the purpose passing well.
Bass. The King my brother shall haue notice of this.
Lauinia I, for these slips haue made him noted long,
Good King to be so mightily abused.
Queene. VVhy I haue patience to indure all this.
Enter Chiron and Demetrius. (Mother,
Demet. How now deare soueraigne, and our gratious
VVhy doth your highnes looke so pale and wan?
Queene. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale,
These two haue ticed me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is,
The trees though summer yet forlorne and leane,
Ouercome with mosse and balefull mistelto.
Hereneuer shines the sunne, here nothing breeds, Vnlesse

Vnlesse the nightly Owle or fatall Rauen:
And when they showd me this abhorred pit,
They told me here at dead time of the night,
A thousand feends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toades, as manie vrchins,
VVould make such fearefull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it
Should strait fall mad, or els die suddainely.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
Bu strait they told me they would binde me here,
Vnto the body of a dismall Ewghe,
And leaue me to this miserable death.
And then they calde me foule adulteresse,
Lauicious Goth, and all the bittereft tearmes,
That euer eare did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be yee not hence forth cald my Children,
Demetrius. This is a witnes that I am thy son. *Stab him.*
Chi And this for me struck home, to shew my strength.
Lauinia. I come *Semeramis*, nay barbarous *Tamora*,
For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
Tamora. Giue me the poynard, you shall know my boies,
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.
Demetrius. Stay Madame here is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw:
This minion stood vpon her chastitie,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie,
And with that painted hope, braues your mightenes,
And shall she carrie this vnto her graue.
Chiron. And if she doe, I would I were an Euenuke,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunke pillow to our lust.
Tamora. But when yee haue the honie we desire,

Let not this waſpe outliue vs both to ſting,
Chiron. I warrant you maddame we will make that ſure:
Come Miſtris now perforce we will enioy,
That nice preſerued honeſtie of yours.
Lauinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou beareſt a womans face.
Tamora. I will not heare her ſpeake awaie with her,
Lauinia. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.
Demetrius. Liſten faire Maddame let it be your glory
To ſee her teares, but be your hart to them:
As vnrelenting Flint to drops of raine. (dam,
Lauinia. VVhen did the Tigers young ones teach the
Oh doe not learne her wrath: ſhe taught it thee,
The Milke thou ſuckſt from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadſt thy tyrranie,
Yet euerie Mother breeds not ſonnes a like,
Doe thou intreat her ſhew a womans pittie. (baſtard?
Chiron. VVhat wouldſt thou haue me proue my ſelfe a
Lauinia. Tis true the Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I hard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pittie did indure,
To haue his Princelie pawes pared all away:
So me ſay that Rauens foſter forlorne children,
The whilſt their owne birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kinde but ſomething pittifull.
Tamora. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Lauinia. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers ſake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue ſlaine thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe yeares.
Tamora. Hadſt thou in perſon nere offended mee,
Euen for his ſake am I pittileſſe.
Remember boyes I powrd forth teares in vaine,
To ſaue your brother from the ſacrifice,
But fearce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vſe her as you will,

The

The worſe to her the better lou'd of mee.
Lauinia. Oh *Tamora* be calld a Gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For tis not life that I haue begd ſo long,
Poore I was ſlaine when *Baſcianus* dide. (goe?
Tamora. VVhat begſt thou then fond woman let me
Lauinia. Tis preſent death I beg, and one thing more,
That woman-hood denies my tong to tell,
Oh keepe me from there worſe than killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome lothſome pit,
VVhere neuer mans eye may behold my bodie,
Doe this and be a charitable murderer.
Tamora. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſonnes of their fee,
No let them ſatiſfiee their luſt on thee.
Demetrius. Away for thou haſt ſtaide vs here too long.
Lauinia. No grace, no womanhood, ah beaſtly creature,
The blot and enemie to our generall name,
Confuſion fall (huſband,
Chiron. Nay then Ile ſtop your mouth, bring thou her
This is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hide him.
Tamora. Farewell my ſons, ſee that you make her ſure,
Nere let my hart know merry cheare indeede,
Till all the *Andronicie* be made away:
Now will I hence to ſeeke my louely *Moore*,
And let my ſpleenfull ſonnes this Trull deflowre.

Enter Aron with two of Titus ſonnes.

Come on my Lords the better foot before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothſome pit,
VVhere I eſpied the Panther faſt aſleepe.
Quintus. My ſight is verie dull what ere it bodes.
Mart. And mine I promiſe you, were it not for ſhame,
VVell could I leaue our ſport to ſleepe a while.
Quintus. VVhat art thou fallen what ſubtill hole is this,
VVhoſe mouth is couered with rude growing briers,

VPon

Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,
As fresh as morning dew distild on flowers,
A verie fatall place it seemes to mee,
Speake brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Martius. Oh brother with the dismalst obiect hurt,
That euer eie with sight made hart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them here,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse, *Exit.*
How these were they, that made away his brother.
Martius. VVhy dost not comfort me and help me out
From this vnhollow, and blood stained hol e.
Quintus. I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart suspects more than mine eie can see.
Martius. To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,
Aron, and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.
Quintus. Aron is gone, and my compassionate hart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing where at it trembles by surmise:
Oh tell me who it is, for nere till now,
VVas I a child to feare I know not what.
Martius. Lord *Bassianus* lies bereaud in blood,
All on a heape like to a slaughtered Lambe,
In this detested darke blood drinking pit.
Quintus. If it be darke how dost thou know tis hee.
Martius. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A pretious ring, that lightens all this hole:
VVhich like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthy cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrals of this pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on Priamus,
VVhen he by night lay bathd in Maiden blood,
O Brother help me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint as me it hath,

Out

Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Acitus* mistie mouth.
Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinck,
Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.
Quint. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art here aloft or I belowe:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

Enter the Emperour and Aron, the Moore.

Saturninus. Along with me, Ile see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say who art thou that lately didst descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth.
Martius. The vnhappie sonnes of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,
To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.
Saturninus. My brother dead, I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Ladie both are at the lodge,
Vpon the north side of this pleasant chase,
Tis not an houre since I left them there.
Mart. VVe know not where you left them all a liue,
But out alas, here haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamora. VVhere is my Lord the King?
King. Here *Tamora*, though griude with killing griefe.
Tamora. VVhere is thy brother *Bassianus*?
King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,

Poore *Bassianus* here lies murthered.
Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyrranie.
She giueth Saturnine a letter.

Saturninus reads the letter.

And if wee misse to meete him handsomelie,
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus *tis we meane,*
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou knowst our meaning looke for thy reward,
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree,
Which ouer shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to burie Bassianus,
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like,
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke Sirs if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murthered *Bassianus* here.
Aron. My gratious Lord here is the bag of gold.
King. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kinde,
Haue here bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuisd,
Some neuer hard of tortering paine for them.
Tam. VVhat are they in this pit, Oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discouered.
Titus. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be proud in them.
King. If it be proude, you see it is apparant,

who

Who found this letter, *Tamora* was it you?
Tamora. Andronicus himselfe did take it vp.
Titus. I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent toombe I vowe,
They shall be ready at your highnes will,
To answere their suspition with their liues.
King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me.
Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end than death,
That end vpon them should be executed.
Tamora. *Andronicus* I will intreat the King,
Feare not thy sonnes, they shall doe well enough.
Titus. Come *Lucius* come, stay not to talke with them.

Enter the Empresse sonnes with Lauinia, *her handes cut off, and her tongue cut out, & rauisht.*

Deme. So now go tell and if thy tongue can speake,
VVho twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.
Chi. VVrite downe thy minde bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpes will let thee play the scribe.
Deme. See how with signes and tokens she can scrowle.
Chi. Goe home, call for sweet water wash thy hands.
Demet. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash'
And so lets leaue her to her silent walkes.
Chi. And twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.
Demet. If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knit the corde.
Exeunt.

Enter Marcus from hunting.

VVho is this, my Neece that flies away so fast,
Cosen a word, where is your husband?
If I doe dreame would all my wealth would wake me.

If I doe wake some Plannet strike me downe,
That I may slumber an eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands,
Hath lopt, and hewde, and made thy body bare,
Of her two branches those sweet Ornaments,
VVhose cyrcling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe
And might not gaine so great a happines (in,
As halfe thy loue: VVhy dost not speake to me?
Alas, a crimson Riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling Fountaine stirde with winde,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy honie breath.
But sure some *Tereus* hath deflowred thee,
And lest thou shouldst detect them cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turnst awaie thy face for shame,
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with their issuing spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Blushing to be encountred with a Clowde,
Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so.
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast,
That I might raile at him to ease my minde,
Sorrow concealed like an Ouen stoppt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomela*, why she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sowed her minde.
But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus*, Cosen hast thou met,
And he hath cut those prettie fingers off,
That could haue better sowed than *Philomel*.
Oh had the monster seene those Lillie hands,
Tremble like aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue tucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmonie,

VVhich

VVhich that sweete tongue hath made,
He would haue dropt his knife and fell a sleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come let vs goe, and make thy father blind,
For such a sight will blind a fathers eie.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
VVhat will whole months of teares thy fathers eies?
Doe not drawe backe, for we will mourne with thee,
Oh could our mourning ease thy miserie.

Exeunt.

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus *two sonnes bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and* Titus *going before pleading.*

Titus. Heare me graue Fathers, Noble Tribunes stay,
For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securelie slept.
For all my blood in Roomes great quarrell shed,
For all the frostie nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares which now you see,
Filling the aged wrincles in my cheeks,
Be pittifull to my condemned sonnes,
VVhose soules is not corrupted as tis thought.
For two and twentie sonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours loftie bed,
Andronicus lieth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.
For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares staunch the earths drie appetite,
My sonnes sweete blood will make it shame and blush:
O earth I will befriend thee more with raine,
That shall distill from these two auntient ruines,
Than youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres.

In

In summers drought, Ile drop vpon thee still,
In winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall springtime on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius *with his weapon drawne.*

Oh reuerent *Tribunes*, Oh gentle aged men
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say, (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.

Lucius. Oh Noble Father you lament in vaine,
The *Tribunes* heare you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

Titus. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue *Tribunes*, once more I intreat of you.

Lucius. My gratious Lord, no *Tribune* heares you speak.

Titus. VVhy tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, if they did marke,
They would not pittie me, yet pleade I must,
And bootlesse vnto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes to the stones,
who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better than the *Tribunes*,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
when I doe weepe, they humblie at my feete
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weeds,
Rome could afford no *Tribunes* like to these:
A stone is soft as waxe, *Tribunes* more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And *Tribunes* with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore standst thou with thy weapon drawne?

Lucius. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounst,
My euerlasting doome of banishment.

Titus. O happie man, they haue befriended thee:

why

why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiue
That Rome is but a wildernes of tygers?
tygers must pray, and Rome affords no pray
But me and mine, how happie art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished.
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

Enter Marcus *with* Lauinia.

Marcus. *Titus*, prepare thy aged eies to weepe,
Or if not so, thy Noble hart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Titus. will it consume mee? Let me see it then.

Marcus. this was thy Daughter.

Titus. why *Marcus* so shee is.

Lucius. Ay mee, this Obiect kils mee.

Titus. Faint-harted-boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lauinea*, what accursed hand,
Hath made thee handles in thy fathers sight?
what foole hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning *Troy*?
My griefe was at the height before thou camst,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds.
Giue me a sword Ile choppe off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nurst this woe, in feeding life:
In bootlesse prier haue they beene held vp,
And they haue serude me to effectles vse,
Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other,
tis well *Lauinia* that thou hast no hands,
For hands to doe Rome seruice is but vaine.

Lucius. Speake gentle sister, who hath martred thee.

Marcus. Oh that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blabd them with such pleasing eloquence,

Is

Is torne from forth that prettie hollow cage,
VVhere like a sweete melodious bird it sung,
Sweete varied notes inchaunting euerie eare.
Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Marcus. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide her selfe, as doth the Deare
That hath receaude some vnrecuring wound.
Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more than had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a rocke,
Inuirond with a wildernes of sea,
VVho markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
VVill in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Here stands my other sonne a banisht man,
And here my brother weeping at my woes:
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne
Is deare *Lauinia*, dearer than my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me: what shall I doo,
Now I behold thy liuelie bodie so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martred thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, Ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,
VVhen I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honie dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered. (husband,
Marcus. Perchance shee weepes because they kild her
Perchance, because shee knowes them innocent.
Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the Law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doo so fowle a deede,

VVitnes

VVitnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lauinia*, let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signe how I may doe thee ease:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou, and I, sit round about some Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes,
How they are staind like meadowes yet not drie,
VVith mierie slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountaine shall wee gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues? and in dumbe showes
Passe the remainder of our hatefull daies?
VVhat shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues,
Plot some deuise of further miserie,
To make vs wonderd at in time to come.
Lucius. Sweete father cease your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weepes.
Marcus. Patience deare niece, good *Titus* dry thine eies.
Titus. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wote,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man, hast drownd it with thine owne.
Lucius. Ah my *Lauinia*, I will wipe thy cheekes.
Titus. Marke *Marcus*, marke, I vnderstand her signes;
Had shee a tongue to speake, now would shee say
That to her Brother, which I said to thee.
His napking with her true teares all bewet,
Can doe no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes,
Oh what a simpathie of woe is this,
As farre from helpe, as Lymbo is from blisse.

Enter Aron *the* Moore *alone.*

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, My Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe olde *Titus*,

Or any one of you, chop off your hand
And send it to the King, he for the same,
will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the raunsome for their fault.
Titus. Oh gratious Emperour, Oh gentle *Aron*,
Did euer Rauen sing so like a Larke,
That giues sweete tidings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my hart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou helpe to chop it off?
Lucius. Stay father, for that Noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my bloud than you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.
Marcus. which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reard aloft the bloudie Battleaxe,
wrighting destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both, but are of high desert:
My hand hath beene but idle, let it serue
To raunsome my two Nephews from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthie ende.
Moore. Nay come agree whose hand shall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.
Marcus. My hand shall goe.
Lucius. By heauen it shall not goe.
Titus. Sirs striue no more, such withred herbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
Lucius. Sweete father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
Marcus. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me show a brothers loue to thee.
Titus. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.
Lucius. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
Marcus. But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt.*
Titus. Come hither *Aron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend

Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.
Moore. If that be calde deceit, I will be honest,
And neuer whilst I liue deceiue men so:
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that youle say ere halfe an houre passe.

He cuts off Titus *hand.*

Enter Lucius *and* Marcus *againe.*

Titus. Now stay your strife, what shall be, is dispatcht,
Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie my hand,
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him burie it,
More hath it merited, that let it haue:
As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchasde at an easie price,
And yet deare too, because I bought mine owne.
Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee.
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villanie,
Doth fat me with the verie thoughts of it,
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his soule blacke like his face. *Exit.*
Titus. Oh here I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wouldst thou kneele with mee?
Doe then deare hart, for heauen shall heare our praiers,
Or with our sighs wele breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the sunne with fogge, as sometime clowds,
When they doe hug him in their melting bosomes.
Marcus. Oh Brother speake with possibilitie,
And doe not breake into these deepe extreames.
Titus. Is not my sorrow deepe hauing no bottome?

Then be my passions bottomlesse with them,
Marcus. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.
Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
VVhen heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea waxe mad,
Threatning the welkin with his bigswolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?
I am the sea. Harke how her sighs doth flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be mooued with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflowed and drownd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them,
Then giue me leaue, for loosers will haue leaue,
To ease their stomacks with their bitter tongues,

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messenger. VVorthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
Here are the heads of thy two Noble sonnes,
And heres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
Thy griefe, their sports: Thy resolution mockt:
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my fathers death.
Marcus. Now let hote Ætna coole in Cycilie,
And be my hart an euerburning hell:
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flowted at, is double death.
Lucius. Ah that this sight should make so deepe a wound
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
That euer death should let life beare his name,

VVhere

VVhere life hath no more interest but to breath.
Marcus. Alas poore hart, that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starued snake.
Titus. VVhen will this fearefull slumber haue an end?
Mar. Now farewell flattrie, die *Andronicus*,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sonnes heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled Daughter heere:
Thy other banisht sonne with this deere sight,
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Euen like a stony image cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controwle thy greefes,
Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hand,
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing vp of our most wretched eies:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?
Titus. Ha, ha, ha.
M. VVhy dost thou laugh? It fits not with this houre.
Titus. VVhy I haue not another teare to shed;
Besides this sorrow is an enemie,
And would vsurpe vpon my watrie eies,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I find Reuenges Caue,
For these two heads doe seeme to speake to mee
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returnd againe,
Euen in their throats that hath commited them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people cirkle me about.
That I may turne mee to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs,
The vow is made, Come brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare,
And *Lauinia* thou shalt be imployde in these Armes,
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,

Thou

Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes* and raise an armie there,
and if yee loue me as I thinke you doe,
Lets kisse and part for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Lucius. Farewell *Andronicus* my Noble Father,
The woefullst man that euer liude in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my Noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues,
But in obliuion and hatefull greefes:
If *Lucius* liue, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse,
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene,
Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a powre,
To bee reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius.

Enter Lucius sonne and Lauinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his Bookes vnder his Arme.

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Puer. Help Grandsier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
Follows me euerie where I know not why.
Good Vnckle *Marcus* see how swift shee comes,
Alas sweet Aunt I know not what you meane.
Marcus. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thine Aunt.
Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme.
Puer. I when my Father was in Rome she did.
M. What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by these signes?
Tit. Feare her not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane,

See

See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whither would she haue thee goe with her.
A boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care,
Red to her sonnes than she hath red to thee,
Sweet Poetrie and Tullies Oratour:
Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus.
Puer. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:
For I haue heard my Grandsier say full oft,
Extremitie of greeues would make men mad.
And I haue red that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad for sorrow, that made me to feare,
Although my Lord I know my Noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my Mother did,
And would not but in furie fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throwe my bookes and flie
Causeles perhaps, but pardon me, sweet Aunt,
And Maddam if my Vnckle *Marcus* goe,
I will most willinglie attend your Ladyship.
Mar. *Lucius* I will.
Titus. How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that she desires to see:
Which is it gyrle of these, open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choise of all my Lybrarie,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deede.
Why lifts she vp her Armes in sequence thus?
M. I thinke she meanes that there were more than one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen, she heaues them for reuenge.
Titus. *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so,
Puer. Grandsier tis Ouids Metamorphosis,
My Mother gaue it me.
Marcus. For loue of her thats gone,

Perhaps

Perhaps ſhee culd it from among the reſt.
Titus. Soft ſo buſilie ſhe turnes the leaues,
Help her, what would ſhe finde? *Lauinia* ſhall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus* treaſon and his rape,
And rape I feare, was roote of thy annoie,
Marcus. See brother ſee, note how ſhe coats the leaues,
Titus. *Lauinia* wert thou thus ſurpriz'd ſweet gyrle?
Rauiſht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
Frocd in the ruthleſſe Vaſt and gloomie woods;
See, ſee, I ſuch a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there,)
Patternd by that the Poet here deſcribes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes,
Mar. O why ſhould nature build ſo fowle a den,
Vnleſſe the Gods delight in Tragedies, (friends,
Titus. Giue ſignes ſweet gyrle, for here are none but
VVhat Romaine Lord it was durſt doe the deed?
Or ſlonke not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the Campe to ſinne in *Lucrece* bed
Marc. Sit downe ſweet Neece, brother ſit downe by me,
Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue* or *Mercurie*,
Inſpire me that I may this treaſon finde,
My Lord looke here, looke here *Lauinia*,

He writes his name with his ſtaffe and guides it with feete and mouth.

This ſandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canſt
This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curſt be that hart that forcd vs to this ſhift:
VVrite thou good Neece, and here diſplay at laſt,
VVhat God will haue diſcouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy ſorrowes plaine,
That

That we may know the traytors and the truth,

Shee takes the ſtaffe in her mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps and writes.

Oh doe yee read my Lord what ſhe hath writ,
Stuprum, *Chiron*, *Demetrius.*
Marcus. What, what, the luſtfull ſonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this haynous bloody deede.
Titus. *Magni Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis ſcelera, tam lentus vides?
Marcus. Oh calme thee gentle Lord, although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To ſtir a mutinie in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes,
My Lord kneele downe with me, *Lauinia* kneele,
And kneele ſweet boy, the Romaine Hectors hope
And ſweare with me as with the wofull feere,
And father of that chaſt diſhonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* ſweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will proſecute by good aduice
Mortall reuenge vpon theſe Traiterous *Gothes*,
And ſee their blood or die with this reproch.
Titus. Tis ſure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt theſe Beare whelpes then beware,
The Dam will wake and if ſhe winde yee once,
Shee's with the Lion deepely ſtill in league,
And luls him whilſt ſhee plaieth on her backe.
And when he ſleepes, will ſhee doe what ſhe liſt.
You are a young huntſman *Marcus*, let alone,
And come I will goe get a leafe of braſſe,
And with a gad of ſteele will write theſe words,
And lay it by: the angry northen wind
Will blow theſe ſands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And where's our leſſon then, boy what ſay you?
Puer. I ſay my Lord that if I were a man,

Their

Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these base bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Marcus I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull Countrie done the like.
Puer. And Vnkle so will I, and if I liue.
Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall my boy
Shall carrie from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come, thoult doe my message wilt thou not?
Puer. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsier.
Titus. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and I le goe braue it at the Court,
I marrie will we sir, and wee'le be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Marcus. O heauens, can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his hart,
Than foe-mens marks vpon his battred shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for olde *Andronicus.* *Exit.*

Enter Aron, Chiron, *and* Demetrius *at one doore, and at the other doore young* Lucius, *and another with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ vpon them.*

Chiron Demetrius, her's the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.
Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.
Puer. My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I greete your Honours from *Andronicus*;
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
Demetrius. Gramarcie Louelie *Lucius*, whats the news.
Puer. That you are both discipherd, thats the newes,
For

For villaines markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandsier well aduisde hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratefie your honourable youth
The hope of Rome, for so he bid me say:
And so I doe, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue neede,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: Like bloudie villaines. *Exit.*
Demetri. what's here? a scrole, and written round about,
Let's see,
Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non eget mauri iaculis nec arcu.
Chiron. O tis a verse in *Horace* I know it well,
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
Moore. I iust, a verse in *Horace*, right you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse.
Her's no sound iest, the olde man hath found their gilt,
And sends them weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound beyond their feeling to the quicke:
But were our wittie Empresse well a foote,
Shee would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But let her rest in her vnrest a while.
And now young Lords, was't not a happie starre,
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more than so
Captiues, to be aduaunced to this height:
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the *Tribune* in his brothers hearing.
Demetrius. But me more good to see so great a Lord,
Basely insinuate and send vs gifts.
Aron. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*,
Did you not vse his daughter very friendlie?
Demetrius. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.
Chiron. A charitable wish, and full of loue.
Aron. Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

Chiron. And that would she for twenty thousand more,
Deme. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods,
For our beloued mother in her paines.
Aron. Pray to the deuills, the Gods haue giuen vs ouer.
Trumpets sound.
Demet. VVhy do the Emperours trumpets flourish thus.
Chi. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.
Demetrius. Soft who comes here.

Enter Nurse with a blacke amoore childe.

Nurse. God morrow Lords, O tell me did you see *Aron* the Moore.
Aron. VVell, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,
Here *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now.
Nurse. Oh gentle *Aron* we are all vndone,
Now help, or woe betide thee euermore.
Aron. VVhy what a caterwalling dost thou keepe,
what dost thou wrap and fumble in thy armes?
Nur. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame and stately Romes disgrace,
She is deliuered Lords she is deliuered.
Aron. To whome.
Nur. I meane she is brought a bed.
Aron. VVell god giue her good rest, what hath he sent her?
Nurse. A diuell.
A. VVhy then she is the deuils Dam, a ioyfull issue,
N. A ioyles, dismall, blacke, and sorrowfull issue,
Here is the babe as loathsome as a toade,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.
A. Zounds ye whore, is blacke so base a hue?
Sweete blowse you are a beautious blossome sure.
Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?
A. That which thou canst not vndoe.
Chiron. Thou hast vndone our mother.

Aron.

Aron. Villaine I haue done thy mother.
Deme. And therein hellish dog thou hast vndone her,
VVoe to her chaunce, and damde her loathed choice,
Accurst the offspring of so foule a fiend.
Chi. It shall not liue,
Aron. It shall not die.
Nurse. *Aron* it must, the mother wils it so.
Aron. VVhat must it Nurse? then let no man but I,
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.
Demet. Ile broach the tadpole on my Rapiers point,
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.
Aron. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels vp,
Stay murtherous villaines will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapors of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire:
I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,
VVith all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this pray out of his fathers hands:
VVhat, what, ye sanguine shallow harted boies,
Yee whitelimde walles, yee ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better than another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the swans blacke legs to white,
Although she laue them howrely in the flood:
Tell the Empresse from me I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.
Demetrius. VVilt thou betray thy Noble Mistris thus?
Aron. My Mistris is my Mistris, this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world doe I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,

Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in Rome.
Demetrius. By this our mother is for euer ſhamde,
Chiron. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foule eſcape.
Nurſe. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chiron. I bluſh to thinke vpon this ignomie.
Aron. VVhy ther's the Priuiledge your beautie bears:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betraie with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of thy hart:
Her's a young Lad framde of another leere,
Looke how the blacke ſlaue ſmiles vpon the father,
As who ſhould ſay, olde Lad I am thine owne.
Hee is your brother Lords, ſenſiblie fed
Of that ſelfe bloud that firſt gaue life to you,
And from your wombe where you impriſoned were,
Hee is infraunchiſed, and come to light:
Nay hee is your brother by the furer ſide,
Although my ſeale be ſtamped in his face.
Nurſe. *Aron*, what ſhall I ſay vnto the Empreſſe?
Demetrius. Aduiſe thee *Aron*, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy aduiſe:
Saue thou the childe, ſo wee may all be ſafe.
Aron. Then ſit we downe and let vs all conſult,
My ſonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleaſure of your ſafetie.
Demetrius. How many women ſaw this childe of his?
Aron. why ſo braue Lords, when we ioine in league
I am a Lambe, but if you braue the Moore,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lioneſſe,
The Ocean ſwels not ſo as Aron ſtormes:
But ſaie againe, how manie ſaw the childe?
Nurſe. *Cornelia* the Midwife, and my ſelfe,
And no one els but the deliuered Empreſſe.
Aron. The Empreſſe, the Midwife, and your ſelfe,
Two may keepe counſell when the third's away:
Goe to the Empreſſe, tell her this I ſaid. *He kils her.*
weeke,

VVeeke, weeke, ſo cries a Pigge prepared to the ſpit.
Deme. what meanſt thou Aron, wherfore didſt thou this?
Aron. O Lord ſir, tis a deede of pollicie,
Shall ſhee liue to betraie this gilt of ours?
A long tongude babling Goſſip, No Lords, no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Countriman
His wife but yeſternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
Goe packe with him, and giue the mother go'ld,
And tell them both, the circumſtance of all,
And how by this their childe ſhall be aduaunſt,
And be receiued for the Emperours Heire,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempeſt whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke yee Lords, you ſee I haue giuen her Phiſicke,
And you muſt needs beſtow her Funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, ſee that you take no longer daies,
But ſend the Midwife preſentlie to mee.
The Midwife and the Nurſe well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleaſe.
Chi. *Aron*, I ſee thou wilt not truſt the aire with ſecrets.
Demetrius. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her ſelfe, and hers, are highlie bound to thee. *Exeunt.*
Aron. Now to the *Gothes* as ſwift as ſwallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in mine armes,
And ſecretlie to greete the Empreſſe friends:
Come on you thicke-lipt-ſlaue, I le beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our ſhifts:
Ile make you feede on berries, and on roots,
And feede on curds and whay, and ſucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp,
To be a warriour and commaund a Campe. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Titus, *olde* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other gentlemen with bowes, and* Titus *beares the arrowes with letters on the ends of them.*

Titus. Come *Marcus*, come, kinſemen this is the way,
Sir boy let me ſee your Archerie,
Looke ye draw home inough and tis there ſtraight,
Terras Aſtreá reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*,
Shees gone, ſhees fled, ſirs take you to your tooles,
You Coſens ſhall goe ſound the Ocean,
And caſt your nets, happilie you may catch her in the ſea,
Yet ther's as little iuſtice as at land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you muſt doe it,
Tis you muſt dig with mattocke and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt Center of the earth,
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iuſtice and for aide,
And that it comes from olde *Andronicus*
Shaken with ſorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome, well, well, I made thee miſerable,
VVhat time I threw the peoples ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore mee.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnſearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue ſhipt her hence,
And kinſemen then we may goe pipe for iuſtice.
Marcus. O *Publius*, is not this a heauie caſe
To ſee thy Noble Vnkle thus diſtract?
Publius. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget ſome carefull remedie.
Marcus. Kinſmen his ſorrowes are paſt remedie

Ioine with the *Gothes*, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitour *Saturnine*.
Titus. *Publius* how now, how now my Maſters,
VVhat haue you met with her?
Publius. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you ſhall,
Marrie for Iuſtice ſhee is ſo imploid,
He thinks with *Ioue* in heauen, or ſome where elſe,
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtaie a time.
Titus. He doth me wrong to feede me with delaies,
Ile diue into the burning lake belowe,
And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.
Marcus we are but ſhrubs, no Cedars wee,
No big-boand-men framde of the Cyclops ſize,
But mettall *Marcus*, ſteele to the veine backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can beare:
And ſith ther's no iuſtice in earth nor hell,
VVe will ſollicite heauen and moue the Gods,
To ſend downe Iuſtice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*,
He giues them the Arrowes.
Ad Iouem, thats for you, here *ad Apollenem*,
Ad Martem, thats for my ſelfe,
Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercurie*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoote againſt the winde.
Too it boy, *Marcus* looſe when I bid,
Of my word I haue written to effect,
Ther's not a God left vnſollicited.
Marcus. Kinſemen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
VVee will afflict the Emperour in his pride.
Titus. Now Maſters draw, Oh well ſaid *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lappe, giue it *Pallas*.
Marcus. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,

Your letter is with *Iubiter* by this.

Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marcus. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot
The Bull being galde, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine:
Shee laught, and tolde the *Moore* hee should not choose,
But giue them to his Master for a present.

Titus. VVhy there it goes, God giue his Lordship ioy.

Enter the Clowne *with a basket and two pidgeons in it.*

Clowne. Newes, newes from heauen,
Marcus the Poast is come.

Titus. Sirra what tidings, haue you any letters,
Shall I haue iustice, what saies *Iubiter*?

Clowne. Ho the Gibbetmaker? Hee saies that he hath
taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hangd
till the next weeke.

Titus. But what saies *Iubiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir, I know not *Iubiter*,
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Titus. VVhy villaine art not thou the Carrier.

Clowne. I of my pidgeons sir, nothing els.

Titus. VVhy didst thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen, alas sir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I should be so bolde, to presse to heauen in my
young daies:
VVhy I am going with my pidgeons to the tribunall
Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle betwixt my Vncle,
and one of the Emperals men.

Marcus. VVhy sir, that is as fit as can bee to serue for
your Oration, and let him deliuer the pidgeons to the
Emperour from you.

Titus.

Titus. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour with a grace,

Clowne. Nay truelie sir, I could neuer say grace in all my life.

Titus. Sirra come hither, make no more adoo,
But giue your pidgeons to the Emperour,
By mee thou shalt haue iustice at his hands,
Hold, hold, meane while here's money for thy charges,
Giue me pen and inke.
Sirra, can you with a grace deliuer vp a Supplication?

Clowne. I sir.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approch you must kneele, then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your pidgeons, and then looke for your reward. Ile bee at hand sir, see you doe it brauelie.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

Titus. Sirra hast thou a knife? Come let me see it,
Here *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant.
And when thou hast giuen it to the Emperour,
Knocke at my doore, and tell me what he saies.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will. *Exit.*

Titus. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow mee.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empresse and her two sonnes, the Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand that Titus shot at him.

Saturnine. VVhy Lords what wrongs are these, was euer
(scene,
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iustice, vsde in such contempt.

My Lords you know the mightfull Gods,
How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares, there nought hath past
But euen with law against the wilfull sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelmde his witts?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frencie, and his bitternes?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse,
See heres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercurie*.
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweete skrowles to flie about the streets of Rome,
Whats this but libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our vniustice euerie where,
A goodly humor is it not my Lords?
As who would say in Rome no iustice were.
But if I liue his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages,
But he and his shall know that iustice liues
In *Saturninus* health, whome if he sleepe,
Hele so awake as he mi furie shall,
Cut off the proud'st conspiratour that liues.
Tamora. My gratious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sonnes,
Whose losse hath pearst him deepe and skard his hart,
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts: why thus it shall become
Hie witted *Tamora* to glose with all.
But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: if *Aron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor in the port.

Enter

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow wouldst thou speake with vs?
Clowne. Yea forsooth & your Mistrisship be Emperiall,
Tamora. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.
Clow. Tis he, God and Saint *Steuen* giue you Godden,
I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

He reads the letter.

Satur. Goe take him away and hang him presently?
Clow. How much money must I haue.
Tamora. Come sirra you must be hanged.
Clowne. Hangd be Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck to a faire end.

Exit.

Satur. Dispightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villanie?
I know from whence this same deuise proceeds.
May this be borne as if his traitorous sonnes,
That dide by law for murther of our brother,
Haue by my meanes bin butchered wrongfully.
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priueledge,
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man,
Sly franticke wretch, that holpst to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.

Enter Nutius Emillius,

Satur. VVhat newes with thee *Emillius*?
Emillius. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
The Gothes haue gathered head and with a power

Of high resolued men, bent to the spoile,
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, sonne to old *Andronicus*,
VVho threats in course of this reuenge, to doe
As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.
King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the *Gothes*,
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes,
Now begins our sorrowes to approch,
Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
VVhen I haue walked like a priuate man,
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfullie,
And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
Tamora. why should you feare, is not your Citie strong?
King. I but the Citizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me to succour him.
Tamora. *King* Be thy thoughts imperious like thy name,
Is the sunne dimde, that Gnats doe flie in it,
The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his winges,
He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
Euen so maiest thou the giddie men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit for know thou Emperour,
I will inchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweete and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish, or honiestalkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feede.
King. But he will not intreat his sonne for vs.
Tamora. If *Tamora* intreat him than he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eares,
VVith golden promises, that were his hart
Almost impregnable, his old yeares deafe,

Yet

Yet should both eare and hart obay my tongue.
Goe thou before to be our Ambassador,
Say that the Emperour requests a parlie,
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting,
Euen at his Fathers house the old *Andronicus*.
King. *Emilius* doe this message honourably,
And if he stand in hostage for his safetie,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.
Emilius. Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

Exit.

Tamora. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proude *Lucius* from the warlike *Gothes*,
And now sweet Emperour be blith againe,
And burie all thy feare in my deuises,
Saturnine. Then goe successantly and plead to him.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius with an Armie of Gothes with Drums and Souldiers.

Lucius. Approued warriours, and my faithfull friends,
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
VVhich signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords bee as your titles witnes,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any skath,
Let him make treable satisfaction.
Goth. Braue slip sprong from the great *Andronicus*,
VVhose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
VVhose high exployts and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,
Be bold in vs weele follow where thou leadst,

Like

Like stinging Bees in hottest summers day,
Led by their Master to the flowred fields,
And be aduengde on cursed *Tamora*:
And as he saith, so say we all with him.
Lucius. I humblie thanke him and I thanke you all,
But who comes here led by a lustie *Gothe*?

Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child in his Armes.

Goth. Renowmed *Lucius* from our troupes I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye,
Vpon the wasted building suddainely,
I heard a child crie vnderneath a wall,
I made vnto the noise, when soone I heard,
The crying babe controld with this discourse:
Peace tawnie slaue, halfe me, and halfe thy Dame,
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightst haue bin an Emperour,
But where the bull and Cow are both milke white,
They neuer doe beget a coleblacke Calfe:
Peace Villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trustie *Goth*,
VVho when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
VVill hold thee dearely for thy mothers sake.
VVith this my weapon drawen I rusht vpon him
Surprisde him suddainely, and brought him hither
To vse as you thinke needefull of the man.
Lucius. Oh worthie *Goth* this is the incarnate diuell,
That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand,
This is the Pearle that pleasd your Empresse eye,
And her's the base fruit of her burning lust,
Say wall-eyd slaue whither wouldst thou conuay,

This growing image of thy fiendlike face,
VVhy doost not speake? what deafe, not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruite of Bastardie.
Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of Roiall blood.
Luc. Too like the sier for euer being good,
First hang the child that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vex the fathers soule withall.
Aron. Get me a ladder, *Lucius* saue the child,
And beare it from me to the Empresse:
If thou do this, ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare,
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more, but vengeance rotte you all.
Lucius. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakst,
Thy child shall liue, and I will see it nourisht.
Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
'twill vexe thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of murthers, rapes, and massakers,
Acts of black night, abhominable deeds,
Complots of mischiefe, treason, villanies,
Ruthfull to heare, yet pitteously performde,
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my child shall liue.
Lucius. Tell on thy minde, I say thy child shall liue.
Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luci. VVho should I sweare by, thou beleeuest no God,
That graunted, how canst thou beleeue an oath.
Aron. VVhat if I doe not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
VVith twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
VVhich I haue seene thee carefull to obserue,
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know,
An ideot holds his bauble for a God,

And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,
To that ile vrge him, therefore thou shalt vow,
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
To saue my boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Or else I will discouer nought to thee.

Lucius. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.

Aron. First know thou, I begot him on the Empresse.

Lucius. Oh most insatiate and luxurious woman.

Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
'Twas her two sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy Sisters tongue, and rauisht her,
And cut her hands, and trimd her as thou sawest.

Luc. Oh detestable villaine, call'st thou that trimming,

Aron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trimd,
And 'twas trim sport for them which had the doing of it.

Luc. Oh barberous beastlie villaines like thy selfe.

Aron. Indeed I was their tutor to instruct them,
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as euer wonne the set:
That bloodie minde I thinke they learnd of me,
As true a Dog as euer fought at head:
Well let my deeds be witnes of my worth,
I traind thy brethren to that guilefull hole,
where the dead corpes of *Bassianus* lie:
I wrote the letter that thy Father found,
And hid the gold within that letter mentioned,
Confederate with the Queene and her two sonnes,
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
wherein I had no stroke of mischiefe in it;
I plaid the cheater for thy fathers hand,
And when I had it drew my selfe a part,
And almost broke my hart with extreame laughter,
I prid me through the crannice of a wall,
when

when for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares and laught so hartelie,
That both mine eyes were raynie like to his:
And when I told the Empresse of this sport,
Shee sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gaue me twentie kisses.

Goth.

What canst thou say all this and neuer blush?

Aron.

I like a blacke Dog, as the saying is.

Lucius.

Art thou not sorrie for these hainous deeds?

Aron.

I that I had not done a thousand more,
Euen now I curse the day and yet I thinke
Few come within the compasse of my curse,
wherein I did not some notorious ill.
As kill a man, or els deuise his death,
Rauish a maide, or plot the waie to doe it,
Accuse some innocent, and forsweare my selfe,
Set deadly enmitie betweene two friends,
Make poore mens cattle breake their necks,
Set fire on barnes and hay stalks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their teares:
Oft haue I digd vp dead men from their graues,
And set them vpright at their deare friends dore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnes as on the barke of trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine letters,
Let not your sorrow die though I am dead.

But I haue done a thousand dreadfull things,
As willingly as one would kill a flie,
And nothing grieues me hartelie indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.
Lucius. Bring downe the Diuell for he must not die,
So sweet a death as hanging presently.
Aron. If there be Diuels would I were a Diuel,
To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,
So I might haue your companie in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Luci. Sirs stop his mouth and let him speake no more.

Enter Emillius.

Goth. My Lord there is a messenger from Rome,
Desiers to be admitted to your presence.
Lucius. Let him come nere.
VVelcome *Emillius*, what's the newes from Rome?
Emil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Gothes*,
The Romaine Emperour greets you all by me,
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
He craues a Parley at your fathers house,
VVilling you to demaund your hostages,
And they shall be immediatly deliuered.
Goth. VVhat saies our Generall.
Luci. *Emillius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges,
Vnto my Father and my Vnkle *Marcus*,
And we will come, march away.

Enter Tamora and her two sonnes disguised.

Tamora. Thus in this strange and sad habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And say I am reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke

Knocke at his studie where they say he keepes,
To ruminate strange plots of dieere reuenge,
Tell him reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his studie doore.

Titus. VVho doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That so my saddecrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect.
You are deceiude, for what I meane to doe,
See here in bloodie lines I haue set downe.
And what is written shall be executed.
Tamora. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee.
Titus. No not a word, how can I grace my talke,
VVanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thou hast the odds of me therefore no more. (me.
Tamora. If thou didst know me thou wouldst talk with
Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
VVitnes this wretched stump, witnes these crimson lines,
witnes these trenches made by greefe and care,
witnes the tiring day and heauie night,
witnes all sorrow that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand.
Tamora. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
Shee is thy enemie, and I thy friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th'infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy minde,
By working wreakfull vengeance on thy foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of murder and of death,
Ther's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,

No vaſt obſcuritie or miſtie vale,
VVhere bloodie murther or deteſted rape,
Can couch for feare but I will finde the mout,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge which makes the foule offender quake.
Titus. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou ſent to mee,
To be a torment to mine enemies.
Tamora. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.
Titus. Doe me ſome ſeruice ere I come to thee,
Lo by thy ſide where Rape and Murder ſtands,
Now giue ſome ſurance that thou art reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy wagoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper palfrays, blacke as iet,
To hale thy vengefull waggon ſwift away,
And finde out murder in their guiltie cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount and by thy waggon wheele,
Trotte like a ſeruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Epeons* riſing in the Eaſt,
Vntill his verie downefall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile do this heauie taske,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tamora. Theſe are my miniſters and come with me.
Titus. Are them thy miniſters, what are they call'd?
Tamora. Rape and Murder, therefore called ſo,
Cauſe they take vengeance of ſuch kinde of men.
Tit. Good Lord how like the Empreſſe ſonnes they are,
And you the Empreſſe, but we wordlie men
Haue miſerable mad miſtaking eies:
O ſweete Reuenge, now doe I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.
Tamora. This cloſing with him fits his Lunacie,

VVhat ere I forge to feede his braine-ſicke humors,
Doe you vphold and maintaine in your ſpeeches,
For now he firmelie takes me for Reuenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him ſend for *Lucius* his ſonne,
And whilſt I at a banket hold him ſure,
Ile finde ſome cunning practiſe out of hand,
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddie *Gothes*,
Or at the leaſt make them his enemies:
See here he comes, and I muſt plie my theame.
Titus. Long haue I bin forlorne and all for thee,
welcome dread Furie to my woefull houſe,
Rapine and Murther you are welcome too:
How like the Empreſſe and her ſonnes you are,
well are you fitted, had you but a *Moore*,
Could not all hell afford you ſuch a Diuell?
For well I wot the Empreſſe neuer wags,
But in her companie there is a *Moore*,
And would you repreſent our Queene aright,
It were conuenient you had ſuch a Diuell:
But welcome as you are, what ſhall wee doe?
Tamora. what would'ſt thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?
Demet. Show me a murtherer Ile deale with him,
Chi. Show me a villaine that hath done a rape,
And I am ſent to be reuengde on him.
Tamora. Show me a thouſand that hath done thee wrong,
And I will be reuenged on them all.
Titus. Looke round about the wicked ſtreets of Rome,
And when thou findſt a man that's like thy ſelfe,
Good murther ſtab him, hee's a murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap,
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine ſtab him, he is a rauiſher.
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a *Moore*,

VVell shalt thou know her by thine owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee,
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue bin violent to me and mine.

Tamora. VVell hast thou lesson'd vs, this shall we doe,
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice valiant sonne,
VVho leades towards Rome a band of warlike *Gothes*,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
VVhen he is here euen at thy solemne feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and hir sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe and all thy foes,
And at thy mercie shall they stoope and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry hart:
VVhat sayes *Andronicus* to this deuise.

Enter Marcus.

Titus. *Marcus* my brother, tis sad *Titus* calles,
Goe gentle *Marcus* to thy nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Gothes*,
Bid him repaire to me and bring with him,
Some of the chiefest Princes of the *Gothes*,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are.
Tell him the Emperour and the Empresse too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them,
This doe thou for my loue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Marcus. This will I doe, and soone returne againe.

Tamora. Now will I hence about thy businesse,
And take my ministers a long with me.

Titus. Nay, nay, let rape and murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.

Tamora. VVhat say you boyes will you abide with him,
whiles

VVhiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouernd our determined iest,
Yee'd to his humor, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarrie with him till I turne againe.

Titus. I knew them all though they suppos'd me mad,
And will ore reach them in their owne deuises,
A paire of curs'ed hell hounds and their Dame.

Deme. Maddam depart at pleasure, leaue vs here.

Tamora. Farewell *Andronicus*, Reuenge now goes,
to lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Titus. I know thou dost and sweet Reuenge farewell.

Chiron. Tell vs old man how shall we be imploid,

Titus. Tut I haue worke enough for you to doe
Publius, come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.

Publius. VVhat is your will?

Titus. Know you these two.

Pub. The Empresse sonnes I take them, *Chiron. Demetrius*.

Titus. Fie, *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceaude,
The one is Murder and Rape is the others name,
And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I finde it therefore binde them sure,
And stop their mouthes if they begin to crie.

Chiron. Villaines forbeare we are the Empresse sons.

Pub. And therefore doe we what we are commanded,
Stop close their mouthes let them not speak a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you bind them fast.

Enter Titus Andronicus, with a knife, and Lauinia, with a Bason.

Titus. Come, come, *Lauinia* looke thy foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouthes let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh villaines *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,

Here ſtands the ſpring whome you haue ſtaind with mud,
This goodly ſommer with your winter mixt,
You kild her huſband, and for that vild fault,
two of her brothers were condemnd to death,
My hand cut off and made a merrie ieſt,
Both her ſweete hands, hir tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her ſpotleſſe chaſtitie,
Inhumane traitors you conſtraind and forſt.
VVhat would you ſay if I ſhould let you ſpeake?
Villaines for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Harke wretches how I meane to marter you,
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
VVhiles that *Lauinia* tweene her ſtumps doth hold,
The baſon that receaues your guiltie blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feaſt with me,
And calles herſelfe Reuenge and thinks me mad.
Harke villaines I will grinde your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it Ile make a paſte,
And of the paſte a coffen I will reare,
And make two paſties of your ſhamefull heades,
And bid that ſtrumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth ſwallow her owne increaſe.
This is the feaſt that I haue bid her too,
And this the banket ſhe ſhall ſurfet on,
For worſe than *Philomell* you vſde my daughter,
And worſe than *Progne* I will be reuengd.
And now prepare your throats, *Lauinia* come,
Receaue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde their bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
And in that paſte let their vile heades be bakt,
Come, come, be euerie one officius,
To make this banket which I wiſh may proue
More ſterne and bloodie than the Centaurs feaſt,

He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in for Ile play the Cooke,

And ſee them readie againſt their Mother comes,

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, *and the Gothes.*

Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, ſince tis my Fathers minde,
That I repaire to Rome I am content.

Got. And ours with thine, befall what Fortune will.

Luci. Good Vnckle take you in this barberous *Moore*,
This rauenous tiger, this accurſed diuell,
Let him receaue no ſuſtnance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Empreſſe face,
For teſtemonie of her foule proceedings,
And ſee the Ambuſh of our friends be ſtrong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

Moore. Some diuell whiſper curſes in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venemous mallice of my ſwelling hart.

Lucius. Away inhumane dogge vnhallowed ſlaue,
Sirs help our vnckle to conuay him in,
The trumpets ſhewe the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empreſſe with Tribunes and others.

King. VVhat hath the firmament mo ſunnes than one?

Lucius, VVhat boots it thee to call thy ſelfe a ſunne?

Mar. Romes Emperour and Nephew breake the Parle,
These quarrels muſt be quietly debated,
The feaſt is ready which the careſull *Titus*,
Hath ordainde to an honorable end,
For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome,
Pleaſe you therefore, draw nie and take your places.

King. *Marcus* we will.

Trumpets ſounding, Enter Titus *like a Cooke, placing the diſhes, and Lauinia with a vaile ouer her face.*

Titus. VVelcome my Lord, welcome dread Queene,

VVelcome yee warlike *Gothes*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all although the cheare be poore,
Twill fill your stomacks, please you eate of it.
King. VVhy art thou thus attired *Andronicus*?
Titus. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes and your Empresse.
Tamora. VVeare beholding to you good *Andronicus*,
Titus. And if your highnes knew my hart you were,
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
VVas it well done of rash *Viginius*
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand
Because she was enforst, staine, and deflowrde?
King. It was *Andronicus*.
Titus. Your reason mighty Lord.
King. Because the girle should not suruiue her shame,
And by her presence still renewe his sorrowes.
Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,
A patterne president, and liuelie warrant,
For me most wretched to performe the like,
Die, die, *Lauinia* and thy shame wirh thee,
And with thy shame thy Fathers sorrow die.
King. VVhat hast thou done, vnnaturall and vnkinde.
Tit. Kild her for whom my teares haue made me blind,
I am as woefull as *Virginius* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause than he,
To doe this outrage, and it now is done.
King. VVhat was she rauisht, tell who did the deede.
T. VVilt please you eate, wilt please your highnes feed.
Tam. VVhy hast thou slaine thine only Daughter thus?
Titus. Not I, twas *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
They Rauisht her and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.
King, Goe fetch them hither to vs presently.
Titus. VVhy there they are both baked in this Pie.
VVhereof their Mother daintilie hath fed,
Eating the flesh that shee her selfe hath bred,

Tis true, tis true, witnes my knives sharpe point.
He stabs the Empresse.
Emperour, Die franticke wretch for this accursed deede,
Lucius. Can the sonnes eie behold his father bleede?
Ther's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.
Marcus. You sad facde men, people and sons of Rome
By vprores seuerd as a flight of fowle,
Scatterd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe,
This scattered corne into one mutuall sheaffe,
These broken limbs againe into one bodie, (selfe.
Romane Lord. Let Rome her selfe bee bane vnto her
And shee whome mightie kingdomes curse too,
Like a forlorne and desperate cast away,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.
But if my frostie signes and chappes of age,
Graue witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Roomes deare friend as erst our Ancestor,
when with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To loue sicke Didoes sad attending eare,
the storie of that balefull burning night,
VVhen subtile Greekes surprizd King Priams Troy,
Tell vs what Sinon hath bewicht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound,
My hart is not compact of flint nor steele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter greefe,
But flouds of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my vttrance euen in the time,
VVhen it should moue yee to attend me most,
And force you to commiseration,
Her's Romes young Captaine let him tell the tale,
VVhile I stand by and weepe to heare him speake.
Lucius. Then gratious auditorie be it knowne to you,
That *Chiron* and the damn'd *Demetrius*,

Were they that murdred our Emperours brother,
And they it were that rauiſhed our ſiſter,
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares diſpiſde, and baſely couſend,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And ſent her enemies vnto the graue.
Laſtly my ſelfe vnkindely baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me and turnd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes enemies,
VVho drownd their enmetie in my true teares,
And opt their armes to imbrace me as a friend,
I am the turned forth be it knowne to you,
That haue preſerude her welfare in my blood,
And from her boſome tooke the enemies point,
Sheathing the ſteele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
My ſcars can witnes dumb although they are,
That my report is iuſt and full of truth,
But ſoft, me thinkes I doe digreſſe too much,
Cyting my worthles praiſe, Oh pardon me
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelues.

Marcus. Now is my turne to ſpeake, behold the child,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The iſſue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe architect and plotter of theſe woes,
The villaine is aliue in *Titus* houſe,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now iudge what courſe had *Titus* to reuenge,
Theſe wrongs vnſpeakeable paſt patience,
Or more than any liuing man could beare,
Now haue you heard the truth, what ſay you Romaines?
Haue we done ought amiſſe, ſhew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs pleading,
The poore remainder of *Andronicie*,
VVill hand in hand, all headlong hurle our ſelues,
And on the ragged ſtones beat forth our ſoules,

And make a mutuall cloſure of our houſe,
Speake Romans ſpeake, and if you ſay wee ſhall,
Lo hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emilius. Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
The common voice doe cry it ſhall be ſo.

Marcus. *Lucius*, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
Goe goe into old *Titus* ſorrowfull houſe,
And hither hale that miſbelieuing *Moore*,
To be adiudge ſome dyrefull ſlaughtring death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius all haile Romes gratious gouernour.

Lucius. Thankes gentle Romanes may I gouerne ſo,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe,
But gentle people giue me ayme a while,
For nature puts me to a heauie taſke,
Stand all aloofe but vnckle draw you neare,
To ſhed obſequious teares vpon this trunke,
Oh take this warme kiſſe on thy pale cold lips,
Theſe ſorrowfull drops vpon thy blood ſtaine face,
The laſt true duties of thy noble ſonne.

Marcus. Teare for teare, and louing kiſſe for kiſſe,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
Oh were the ſumme of theſe that I ſhould pay,
Countleſſe and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Lucius. Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs
To melt in ſhowers, thy Grandſire lou'd thee well,
Many a time hee daunſt thee on his knee,
Song thee a ſleepe his louing breſt thy pillow,
Many a ſtorie hath he told to thee,
And bid thee bare his prettie tales in minde,
And talke of them when he was dead and gone.

Marcus. How manie thouſand times hath theſe poore lips,
VVhen they were liuing warmd themſelues on thine,
Oh now ſweete boy giue them their lateſt kiſſe,

Bid him farewell commit him to the graue,
Doe them that kindnes and take leaue of them.
Puer. Oh Grandsire, Grandsire, eu'n with all my hart,
VVould I were dead so you did liue againe,
O Lord I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choacke me if I ope my mouth.
Romane. You sad *Andronicie* haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath bin breeder of these dyre euents.
Lucius. Set him brest deepe in earth and famish him,
There let him stand and raue and crie for foode.
If any one releeues or pitties him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome,
Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.
Aron. Ah why should wrath be mute and furie dumb,
I am no babie I, that with base prayers
I should repent the euils I haue done,
Ten thousand worse than euer yet I did
VVould I performe if I might haue my will,
If one good deed in all my life I did
I doe repent it from my verie soule.
Lu. Some louing friends conuay the Emperour hence,
And giue him buriall in his fathers graue,
My Father and *Lauinia* shall forthwith,
Be closed in our housholds monument,
As for that rauinous tiger *Tamora*,
No funerall right, nor man in mourning weede,
No mournefull bell shall ring her buriall
But throw her forth to beasts and birds to pray,
Her life was beastlie and deuoide of pittie,
And being dead let birds on her take pittie.

Exeunt.

Finis the Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Charles Robson

Petrus Johannes Krafft
1877

Här finnas

Lottsedlar

uti

Trollhätte Slußwercks-Byggnads

Lotterie,

År 1770.

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1 Hel Lott	- - -	Daler Kopp:mt.
Half	- - - -	Daler
Fierdedel	- - -	Daler

Månads Dragning skjer den

STC 22328 Titus Andronicus, 1594

When Henry Clay Folger acquired this unique quarto in 1904, it was in a wrapper of gray paper lined with Swedish lottery bills, all here preserved in their origi-

Note: sig.K4r, l. 8

When the leaves were being repaired at the time of rebinding, a sliver of paper containing the letters "our" in "Emperour" became detached. This sliver had previously been pasted in and during the washing process became loose. It was then re-pasted in, upside down, giving what appears to be a misprint in the text. The facsimile of the text, made before rebinding, will show the correct reading.

LS

Oct. 15, 1968

In 1972 an attempt was made to correct the error in pasting on sig.K4r. The paper was quite thin at that point and the sliver miniscule, so that the attempt was not completely successful. A facsimile of the text after rebinding was published by University Microfilms, 1964, in which can be seen the upside down "our".

LS

STC 22328 Titus Andronicus, 1594

When Henry Clay Folger acquired this unique quarto in 1904, it was in a wrapper of gray paper lined with Swedish lottery bills, all here preserved in their original order and position. The gray paper and the date on the bills make it seem probable that these covers were supplied not long after 1770. Earlier the book had first been stabbed and stitched and then at some time bound in a thick volume with other matter.

A full account of the previous owners (whose names, written in the old covers, are now much faded) will be found in the facsimile reprint by J. Q. Adams, 1936.

When the Library first opened, and probably when Folger first acquired the quarto, the wrappers were tattered along the spine so that it was easy to see part of the old sewing and a very thick layer of paste remaining from the bound state.

By 1959 the volume began to show wear not only at the spine but in the then soft and tender title. It was then decided that it should be preserved by binding.

The Folger binder (R. Lunow) cleaned the leaves gently, using no bleach or other chemical, and sized it with a solution of gelatine and essigsauretonerde,

& strengthened most of the hinges, mended tears, backed the title-leaf with silk, and sewed the sheets on raised bands.

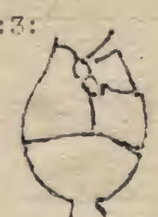
While the book was in sheets I examined it and found it as follows:

Collation: $A^4(-A1)\ B\text{-}K^4$.

Condition: Though many of the hinges were worn and weak, all pairs of leaves present were normally conjugate excepting K1:4, which had apparently been conjugate.

Watermarks: Since the pot watermarks in every sheet (except the unmarked F) are mainly visible in the bound volume, I give below only the initials, which may be obscured, and the markings of the one uninitialed potbelly: the mark in A2:3 bears initials BI or BL; B2:3 & I2:3 initials NB; D2:3 & H1:4 initials NB (the twin of B2:3); C1:4 & E2:3, as drawn below; K2:3 initial A & another, mutilated, perhaps W.

C1:4 & E2:3:



8 Feb 1960

[illegible]

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RECORD OF EXHIBITION

Date	Opening
10/4/79 - 9/6/82	+p
4/22/89 - 9/19/89	+p
2/18/00 - 6/18/00	+p

Ex. # 128

THE FOLGER SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY